

Friends Bulletin

PACIFIC, NORTH PACIFIC AND INTERMOUNTAIN YEARLY MEETINGS
OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

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*We are glad to tell in words as well as
deeds
the faith
that
is in us.*



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**ALL DRAWINGS (EXCEPT BACK COVER)
BY MARY LOU GOERTZEN**

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EDITORIAL

For to us a child is born, to us a son is given; and the government will be on his shoulders and his name will be called "Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace"

— Isaiah 9:6

AT CHRISTMAS: SOMETHING WE CAN DO FOR PEACE

Carmen Broz, member of Palo Alto Meeting who has been led to undertake redevelopment and educational projects in Nicaragua and El Salvador during the past five years, was forced to flee El Salvador November 17 as religious workers of all denominations came under attack by the Salvadoran government military.

Carmen reported in a telephone interview that Norma de Herrera, founder of the Institute of Research, Development and Training of Women, with whom Carmen worked closely in the creation of a day-care center, was assassinated November 16 in her home, the same night that six Jesuit priests and their housekeepers were killed at the Jesuit College. Also that night Carmen's residence in San Salvador, which was not in the battle zones, came under police surveillance for the first time.

It is neither the extreme left nor the extreme right which is responsible for these murders, Carmen is convinced, but the military which has control of the country. President Cristiani is not in control of the government, contrary to the reports given to President Bush. There is a 6:00 p.m. to 6:00 a.m. curfew imposed and enforced by the military. Only armed forces can be in the streets during those hours.

While still in El Salvador during the news blackout (Nov. 11-14), Carmen heard a radio news broadcast from Spain which stated that United States pilots were flying new attack helicopters and small bombers against the FMLN forces. This information was confirmed by a Salvadoran newspaper worker with whom Carmen had contact. President Bush has denied that American pilots have been involved in

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QUAKER EXTENDED FAMILY

by Susan Hubbard, Boulder Meeting

Who ever said you can't choose your relatives? At the Boulder Meeting of Friends, about sixteen of us (if the weather is good) plus numerous assorted children have created a do-it-yourself extended family that has lasted about fifteen years so far. In fact, some of the original children aren't children any more. Some people have moved away, with or without the permission of the family and new members have joined us. However, a core group remains. And a certain level of commitment and connection has conveyed itself to newer members.

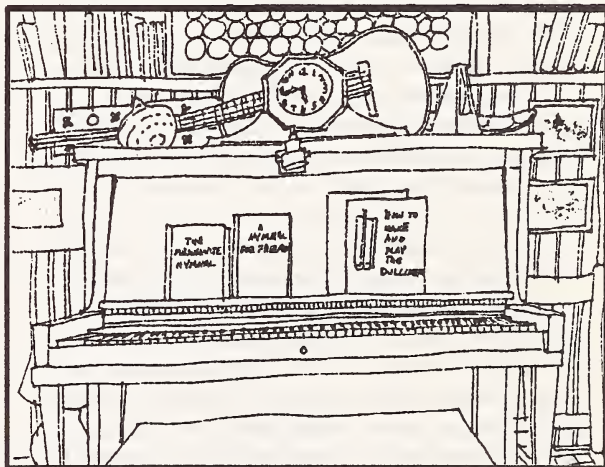
It all began when sign-up sheets were tacked up on a bulletin board at Meeting fifteen years ago. Interested parties were invited to sign up to be members of new Quaker extended families. The families were to be composed of people of diverse ages and family situations, with the idea of simulating the variety one would find in an extended family which nature would create. Initially, I think there were four groups formed. Ours is the only group from that era which has lasted.

I could speculate that one reason for our success as a group is that, from the very beginning, we didn't take ourselves too seriously. We didn't have specific expectations about the nature or depth of the commitment; we embarked upon the family-building process with our awareness in the present and our taste buds in the foreground. As it turned out, we all love to eat and many of us were excellent cooks. Before too many years had passed, we began calling ourselves "the distended family." Our monthly pot-lucks were nothing short of exquisite.

Initially, many of us in the family had small children. They accompanied us to each get-together, and consequently, conversation was fragmented and aimless, while the noise level was remarkably high. There was no way to tell whether or not we would enjoy each other's company, should we someday be in a situation where we actually could hear each other speak. The older members of the family and the childless members have my gratitude and admiration for making it through those first few years without quitting the group. One day, at a particularly

deafening gathering, the highest level of communication achieved was a disjointed description of how to make fruit leather. None of us have anything against fruit leather. However, the time for a change was upon us, and "Fruit leather!" became the rallying cry of a new movement which advocated that the group meet as adults only, without benefit of the presence of young offspring. If children were to be included on some occasions, it would be for a special outing like a trip to the Denver Zoo or the Museum of Natural History.

After the landmark fruit leather decision, a new



world opened up to us. We could get to know each other, and could explore a variety of ideas and shared agendas. I remember one gathering in which we all told what we typically thought about during Meeting. More recently, we shared our individual understandings of the nature of God. Another time, we took turns telling of our first loves. There was an era in which a number of us were troubled about difficulties with our children, so we had a support meeting to discuss our various dilemmas and agonies. We've also had some projects that have been productive and enjoyable, such as "the year of the work party." That year, we sequentially went to each other's houses and helped with tasks like building a fence, making a flagstone walk, or cleaning out a garage. One member taught us how to make solar food dryers. We also had

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(Put Out Your Hand: continued from page 67)

"the year of the birthday" in which we celebrated the birthday person of the month. I was lucky, because my birthday was January, while enthusiasm was still high.

Many of us work in professions that are serious and other-directed. For most of us, the opportunity to get together and be silly is refreshing and therapeutic. There is a rapid-fire banter in the group that one member aptly dubbed "persiflage." We've planned many events that have playfulness as the main intention. Every February, we take note of Valentine's Day by writing anonymous love poems and songs and drawing them from a hat. We've had two white elephant exchanges at Christmas, in which the level of bad taste has been dazzling and delightful. Once we met for a game of Trivial Pursuit, but decided that the little plastic slices of pie would not suffice as rewards for winning points. We baked six pies of appropriate colors, and supplemented the plastic with the real thing.

As in any family, some folks are more enthused about family meetings than others, and are more regular in their attendance. Some are out of town more than others. We've had marriages, births and divorces, but so far no deaths. Some have moved away, new members have joined us, and the first crop of children are on the verge of adulthood. Our divorced members have joint custody of the extended family; they take turns coming to our gathering. We gaze in a proprietary way upon prospective mates of our single members, and feel free (nay, obligated!) to offer our well-meant opinions about the match. As in any family, we have times of excitement and times that may be more stagnant, but love supplies a level of commitment that assumes our relationship is for keeps.

PUT OUT YOUR HAND

by Tom Hunt, Guatemala Meeting

At the center of the universe there is a Burning Heart. Put out your hand. Can you not feel it? Silence your thoughts. Make still everything within you that pertains to yourself. Can you not hear it? Perhaps that is not enough. Perhaps first comes a

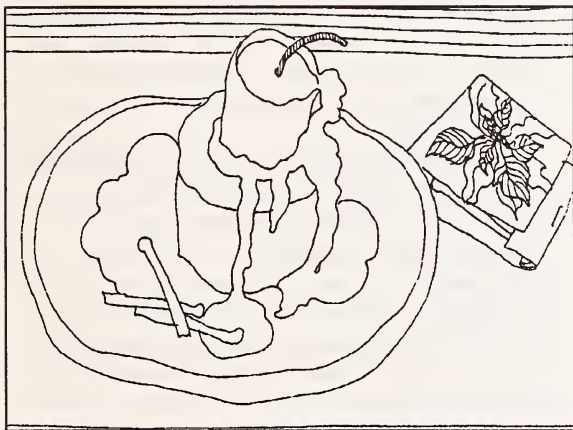
crucial life decision you must make. You ask over and over: "What is right for me to do?" Finally you answer that you do not know what is right. Then comes the question: "But what do I want out of life? If I'm to go on living, there must be some meaning. Where is the meaning in this situation? What do I really want?" You enumerate the satisfactions of life, the things you want, the things that have meaning for you; but they are not enough. Were they enough, your life would go on smoothly and you would not be torn apart by the decision confronting you. Something is still missing, the something that is really meaningful. If your mind lets go of the problem, the arrays of arguments on this side of the question and on the other fade away, and quietly and sadly you say to yourself: "There is no answer in me. The meaning for which I search is not in myself. The 'I' with which I live day by day, minute by minute, is nothing."

Just when you are nothing, then from somewhere inside of you or from far beneath you or at a point of focus far behind you, you know not where, you feel the Burning Heart. At first you simply know that it is there and that you are not alone. But soon you are filled with a great warmth, and you know that the Burning Heart is flowing through you and is part of you, or you are a tiny part of it.

"Is this God?" you ask. But you do not wait for an answer, for God to you, perhaps, is unreal, or old-fashioned, or a thing to spend hours arguing about. So you do not know whether this is God or not. You only know that there is a Burning Heart at the center of things, and that somehow it is a part of everything, including you, and you feel it. You hurry on, because you know that the Burning Heart contains the answer to your questions. The Burning Heart is itself the meaning of life. Somehow you must convey the secret of the Burning Heart to the other person. That, then, will raise the differences between you to a new level, where conflict will not be present. If the other, too, can feel this vibrant love at the heart of things, then nothing else matters; all lesser things can be made right. The other person will feel it. It must be contagious. It must show all over you.

But thoughts, questions come back. What is the Burning Heart? Is it one aspect of the reality of the world? Or is it only a dream, a fantasy of one person's mind without relevance to other people's ideas or to

the nature of things? This knowledge that the self is nothing is new to you, but is it new in the world? Is it not the basic insight of Buddha, the reason why he counseled men and women to give up the search for satisfactions in this world and seek only Nirvana? When you come right down to it, Buddha or no Buddha, what is this "self" which we have? Did we start it going? Do we have the power, or whatever it takes, to keep it going? Do we understand how a few million cells — brain cells, leg cells, stomach cells — can feel themselves to be one, a self? These questions are related to the idea of time. How is it that all these cells, and this self which miraculously goes with them, exist from moment to moment? There could be



nothing, but instead there is something, a something that is intricately organized into electrons and human beings, into stars and cows, into rocks and ants. There must be a somebody or a something which keeps the whole works going. Something like a Burning Heart.

Perhaps, you say, it is physical things which make up the stuff of the world and which keep things moving. But modern science has taken all the nice, comfortable "things" away from us, and left us instead with pulsations of energy as the final stuff of the universe. So our world is always changing, always becoming. What keeps all these pulsations of energy going, and what gives them the kind of orderliness that makes it possible for human minds to create mathematical formulae that exactly describe them? Is it something like a Burning Heart? A Burning Heart which pulses through electrons and protons and

through the cells of plants, and through our own bodies, and, when we are quiet, through our minds and spirits?

Do you think yourself too practical, too this-worldly, to quiet your thoughts and run away from your self and the things which your self says you want? But the Burning Heart is utterly practical; it speaks of now, of this world, not of the next world. It is simply there, at the heart of things, waiting for you to reach out your hand. If you do, you will still be a self; but instead of being a self which reflects small things, you will be a self which expresses the deepest currents of the universe. You will have for daily use a gift which A.N. Whitehead describes as "a quality of mind steady in its reliance that fine action is treasured in the nature of things." You will have an irresistible urge to translate the warmth of the Burning Heart into the way you behave. You will feel that humankind is one, that the killing of people in war is insufferable, as is the starving of their families. You may find yourself giving time and money to that growing group of people who share E.B. White's conviction that our one world, if it is to be a warless world, must have world laws and law enforcement as part of a world government. For the Burning Heart burns that people may clothe their ideals, here and now, with reality.

However, there is also evil and suffering; what says the Burning Heart of these? The world is made up of real individuals with real freedom, from the electron to human beings; no god pulls the strings, for good or for evil. The Burning Heart energizes order in the physical world and invites the human heart to self-surrender.

The mystics know the Burning Heart; but it is not only for them. It is also for you and me, for every person. Quakers say that there is a light that lights every person that comes into the world. Yes, the Burning Heart is in each of us.

Just for a moment shut your eyes and your ears that you may see and hear. Pause in your activities so that the wisdom of the universe may be perceived by you, may be accomplished through you. Look within so that all that is beyond you may become part of you. Believe in no gods, so that in your unbelief you may be overcome with the knowledge of the Burning Heart.

PEACE EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND SCHOOLS

by Katherine Knight, *New Zealand Friend,*
Auckland Meeting

Visitors to New Zealand ask how it has come about that the authorities have been willing to incorporate peace education into our state schools. Space prevents telling the full story which goes back to the first peace movements at the beginning of the century.

A Brief History

Ever since the Hiroshima bomb, anti-nuclear sentiment has been growing. The Vietnam war to which New Zealand reluctantly sent a token force to help our United States ally, brought hundreds of protestors onto the streets, and this movement is now acknowledged to be a turning point against the brutality and futility of war.

Meantime, within New Zealand and in neighbouring Pacific Islands, anger was growing against use of their territories as military bases or testing grounds for nuclear weapons. This anti-nuclearism is growing even stronger as France, after three decades, continues to test bombs. As early as 1970, a New Zealand Labour Government sent a warship to the test site in protest and took action against France in the International Court of Justice, without success.

Next came New Zealanders' concern about the visits of nuclear warships, which were met in our harbours by the Peace Squadron — a flotilla of small protest boats. The organisers were people of influence and the government had to take notice. In 1985, members of the South Pacific Community adopted the Treaty of Rarotonga, which established a South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone, with prohibitions against the use, manufacture or stationing of nuclear weapons in the area.

When the Third Labour Government was elected in 1984 on an anti-nuclear platform, it was the people who kept them to their resolve against pressure from the U.S. and Australia. It was the people who reminded our Government of its promise at the U.N. Special Session on Disarmament "to develop

programmes of education for disarmament and peace studies at all levels." And we people are now insisting that the recommendations of the government's inquiry into violence (Roper Report) be acted upon. The Government, for its part, appointed two sympathetic ministers — the late Minister for Education and a woman Minister for Disarmament.

Development Within the Schools

With so much happening to educate the public against war in the 1960s and 1970s, a few progressive school principles felt able to invite outside speakers into their secondary schools to discuss such topics under the banner of social or liberal studies. I remember speaking on such subjects as nationalism, women in the army, and my visit to Hiroshima. As a Quaker and member of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, I was probably considered "safe."

Then in 1975 a small group of us, including several Quakers, established, with a grant from the New Zealand Society of Friends, the New Zealand Foundation for Peace Studies, Inc., a non-party political society to "stimulate education at every level concerning the organisation and maintenance of peace." The Foundation soon developed standing as an educational body, supplying teachers and others with resources throughout New Zealand, and keeping the government and the public aware of alternative views on defence and international issues.

Gradually outside speakers were invited into the schools. Those from the Foundation were asked to show the "horror" films on nuclear war to senior students, and later to discuss the more positive aspects of peacemaking: self regard, cooperation and solving conflicts nonviolently.

An important landmark was the Foundation's publishing of a handbook for teachers and social workers called *Learning Peaceful Relationships*, which some said changed their whole attitude toward their work. This was followed by a book for teenagers called *Extending Peaceful Relationships*.

During the past 15 years, the Foundation has distributed throughout New Zealand all available teaching aids of relevance to peace education. We have regional representatives and field officers in several centres and hope to increase these as funds

permit. One dedicated teacher, on his own initiative, spent 18 months driving a mobile peace van through the country, visiting outlying schools and smaller communities and distributing teaching materials. The Foundation hopes to continue this if funds permit. Teachers here have now formed their own peace groups and have extended their work into primary and pre-school areas.

In 1983, the Foundation, in association with the New Zealand I.P.P.N.W., invited Drs. Helen and Bill Caldicott to tour New Zealand. This was a resounding success: peace groups proliferated all over the country, and the image of the peace movement was enhanced through association with the medical profession.

Tomorrow's Schools

Right now the whole school system is being restructured, which has taken great courage on the part of the government. Our schools will all be independent and will be run by Boards of Trustees elected by the local community. They have been advised by the Minister of Education that their curriculum should contain a peace component, not as a separate subject but incorporated into the syllabus. An official document called "Peace Studies Draft Guidelines" was produced in 1987. This was followed by a brochure called "Partners in Peacemaking" as a step towards understanding what peace studies in education means.

The Foundation seized this wonderful opportunity to send a brochure to every board member throughout the country, reassuring them that peace studies are not brainwashing, and showing how it can be written into the school charter. At this early stage of restructuring our schools there is considerable apprehension and bewilderment; but there is also great hope that tomorrow's children will learn to solve problems without violence and will grow up into a warmer more peaceful world.

I have not dared to use space to tell of the long term influence of the peace and pressure groups, nor of the academic work of the universities over almost a century. Their contributions to today's climate have been considerable.



LISTEN TO THE DREAM

by Nancy Gibbs Richard, *Redwood Forest Meeting*

I have been keeping a dream journal, a written record of my dreams for the past nineteen years. A wise Jungian analyst insisted that I listen to my own dreams and look to them as a source of healing in my life. When I first started paying attention to my dreams, the concept of dream work was stretching the boundaries of my understanding of reality. But after some months of practice, I began to find dream work interesting and exciting.

Dreams often hold keys to understanding our inner life. Ancient people understood the importance of their dreams. Often there was one man who was the Dreamer for a tribe. His dreams were held to be of special value and were used to guide the life of the tribe. In other groups, there were men and women gifted in the interpretation of dreams.

In recent re-reading of the Genesis stories about Joseph, I was struck by Joseph's growing importance as an interpreter of dreams. Joseph was in jail, falsely accused by the Pharaoh's wife. The royal cup-bearer and baker were in prison too. In Genesis 40:8 Joseph speaks to these men:

"Why these sad looks today?" They replied,
"We have each had a dream, but there is no

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(Listen to the Dream: continued from page 71)
 one to interpret it." "Are not interpretations God's business?" Joseph asked them.
 "Tell me about them."

Thirty-five hundred years ago, people gave great value to dreams. Do we consider that the interpretation of dreams may still be "God's business?" Many times in the Old Testament God speaks in a dream or through an angel in a dream. Does God speak to us in our dreams?

In my mid-twenties, early in my years of dream work, a transforming image appeared in a dream.

I was in an ancient Greek church. On the floor, in the center of the church, there was a beautiful, colorful mosaic. It was the face of Jesus.

At that time in my life, I had cut ties with the church in which I was raised. I wanted to stay as far away from traditional religion as was possible. Through Jungian analytical work I was getting hints that there is a world of the Spirit that I would have to reckon with — church or no church.

When the dream image of the face of Jesus appeared, I didn't want it. It was a "bad" dream. But I have never forgotten it. It has worked its way into the fabric of my life, insisting that Jesus is an archetype in my life — not someone I can dismiss with a wave of my hand.

A good analyst or therapist is a teacher, a rabbi, someone who helps others find their way into the world of the Spirit. By listening to the dream, they help us to value our own inner journey. We must listen to our dreams, listening with enough clarity that we can remember them. For me, writing down my dreams helps me to "own" them as mine.

If I write down a particularly difficult dream, a dream I don't want, writing it down releases some of its energy. I don't go through the day with a dark cloud over my head. The dream is waiting for me to approach it as I can, perhaps tentatively, in bits and pieces, but because I have "owned" it as mine, it doesn't have to hit me over the head. A professional dream listener can help us to learn the language of dream symbols, and find their meaning in our own lives.

Sometimes telling our dream to a friend or family member is an important part of "owning" our dreams. My children Sarah and Zack often tell me their dreams. By being a dream listener, I hope I am helping them to value their own dreams, their own inner life.

Many years ago, my teacher told me that when an image appears twice in a dream, it requires special attention. Five or six years ago, I had a startling dream:

I discovered that my name was written twice, indelibly, in the metal membership scroll of the Redwood Forest Friends Meeting.

At the time of the dream, I attended Redwood Forest Friends Meeting occasionally. It never occurred to me that I would ever join the Meeting and become a Quaker, but I never forgot the dream. What did it mean, that my name was written twice? When Joseph was called to interpret the Pharaoh's dreams about the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine, in Genesis 41:32, he said,

"The reasons why Pharaoh had the same dream twice is that the event is already determined by God, and God will shortly bring it about."

My dream about having my name written twice in the membership scroll was followed, over a period of several years, by a series of what I call Quaker dreams, dreams that insisted that I consider the question, "Is there a place for me in Redwood Forest Friends Meeting?" These dreams were a significant part of my journey towards becoming a Quaker.

The opening weekend retreat for the Quaker Spiritual Quest, a nine month long program of study and shared pilgrimage, was extremely rich for me. There were times when I had to stretch in ways that still amaze me, but I do believe the weekend held a seed of transformation in my life.

The day after my return home, I awakened with a wonderful dream. The dream is richer if I share a word of explanation about the dream figures. In my early twenties, I worked with my friend, who was then

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in his sixties, at the American Friends Service Committee. I was drawn to Quakers by their good works. At the time, I didn't want to know anything about their spiritual lives. My friend never talked to me about his inner life, but he touched my life in ways for which I have no words. Since his death two years ago, I have gotten to know his wife in new ways. Her life has touched mine too. I know that dream figures are a part of my own inner life. But there is a good feeling when people I care about appear in my dreams in a numinous way.

In a clearing in a redwood forest, I had helped to excavate a Quaker Circle, a shallow ditch about 6 inches wide and 6 inches deep. It was exactly 25 feet in diameter. Just outside the ditch was another circle formed with mounded, firmly packed earth, three times as much dirt as had been excavated from the ditch. These two concentric circles were perfect circles — they looked ancient, and together they formed a Quaker Circle which would be used by a group of Quakers in some sort of symbolic way at a later time. I stood in the center of the circle. My friend's wife stood outside, on one side of the circle. She had a quiet smile. My friend was standing on the other side, beaming — filled with joy to see me standing in the Quaker Circle.

This dream feels like a blessing. May it be so.



FRIENDS FOR 300 WORDS

MISINTERPRETATIONS

by Joy Martin Hirzel, *University Meeting, Seattle,
and Humboldt Meeting, Arcata*

By now, several decades into Friends, philosophy groups and healing sessions, I should be a "weighty Friend." It seems to me I've experienced it all, from "Moderation should not be practiced in excess," to "Nostalgia isn't what it used to be."

In Meetings for Worship I've sat across from peaceful personages who didn't say a word, or next to weeping souls, and once, near a man who said he knew everything, and was reincarnated this time only to save the world, starting with benighted Quakers!

Instead of feeling "weighty," I feel as if life's little misinterpretations are just beginning to unknot themselves and free me to soar. Rather than bore you with pages of details, let me highlight a few spots of clearness that have shown themselves to me:

Whole religions are based on "All are called but few are chosen." (Not Friends, thank goodness.) The Course in Miracles gives the original quote as "All are called but few choose to listen!" If that isn't a meditator's dream come true!

The Dead Sea Scrolls state the Ten Commandments as rewards rather than threats: "When you have the light within, the spirit of Jehovah, you will not wish to [break God's commandments]." This conveys feelings of love and cooperation not fear and coercion.

The ancient Hawaiian legends stressed following the inner lights and leadings of the individual's spiritual guides. The brittle papers read like writings by John Woolman, Rufus Jones, and *Faith and Practice*. They speak touchingly to anyone who has had spiritual experiences. Of course, they were banned by fundamentalist missionaries who cared about form, not content.

Once during silent Meeting, an image of the flying carpet legends flashed in my mind. I related them to

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the prayer rugs of the wise men who meditated for days. Of course they soared!

I am happy that Friends started me on healing thoughts that are not judgmental or attack-oriented, that lead me toward acceptance and love. I've given up the goal of being weighty. I just want to be kind and to keep a growing edge.

If these lines speak only to one person's condition and search for clearness, it will be worth the typing of them. I am open to correspondence because the leadings of others stimulate my interpretations of life. I *know* our perceptions of the reality of the spiritual world far surpass our feeble interpretations of this physical world. [P.O. Box 2927, McKinleyville, CA 95521]

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REPORT

by Phyllis Hoge Thompson, Albuquerque Monthly Meeting

Late autumn ... action in the outlands. Maybe that's the trouble.

As from a Meeting for Worship will arise a message which reflects the deepest thoughts of many though only one may speak during the hour, so the various newsletters of several Meetings report similar concerns. These are representative: Chamisa brought to Quarterly queries about care for couples — two people in committed relationship. Durango already meets regularly to discuss problems of relationship, using "Bradshaw on the Family" videos as background.

Another widespread concern is help for the homeless and help for victims of domestic violence. Durango brought to Yearly Meeting a video, shown also at our Quarterly and now being viewed in Albuquerque, regarding military recruitment in the schools. Responding to a Yearly Meeting concern, several groups are now initiating discussion of gay/lesbian matters. There are fewer Friends now doing Sanctuary work, though the need is no less than it ever was.

The newly formed Chamisa Preparative Meeting has begun meeting weekly at the Brunn School in Santa Fe under the care of Santa Fe. The not-yet-official Mancos Valley Worship Group meets here and there on Wednesdays as does the Farmington Worship Group, which has begun meeting again, both under the care of Durango. The Lubbock Worship

Group under the care of Albuquerque has an energetic program of friendly action and Meetings for Worship. The small Worship Group in Gallup most courageously hosted Fall Quarterly at nearby Broken Arrow Bible Camp, and offered Friends an engrossing evening devoted to Navajo concerns in education and in conservation.

As a Quarterly, we are seeking light about the reasons we come to Quarterlies or do not come. We are wondering whether to hold a yearly September retreat at Ghost Ranch and even how many "Quarterly" Meetings to hold. These are pretty basic questions — questions which feed naturally into the queries which all IMYM Meetings and Worship Groups are examining for IMYM planning.

All of this burbling gives us a keen sense that Southwestern Quakers are seething, not just steeping. Because of increasing numbers of individual Friends as well as increasing numbers of Meetings, because of the distances we have to travel in order to be together in our groups, it is understandable that we feel there is a lot of activity simmering or boiling over. We are therefore discovering again a need to steep, to be still, to become more attentive to the inwardness which is the source of our power.

There seems a troubled awareness among us of a need for a deepening of spirit in our Meetings for Worship and in the lives of each of us. We are trying to find how the living benediction of love is expressed in our midst. Durango chose spirituality as theme for an October retreat at Ghost Ranch. Albuquerque is working with several ideas which emerged from two threshing sessions on this subject, and Santa Fe is holding a series of discussions. As El Paso Meeting seeks a new meeting place, they admit a disturbing hollowness where there needs to be a centered heart.

Perhaps we are weary from struggling too hard over social responsibilities. Perhaps meditation and worship will lead us into deeper wonder and peace and human charity when we find the balance again.

At the same time, Lubbock Worship Group, so new, so small, and so well seasoned, noted a desire for "more aimless congregating and visiting." Now there's a happy attitude.

NEWS OF MEETINGS

by Lois Vincent, San Fernando Meeting

It is illuminating to see how different Meetings are responding to environmental concerns. A most

interesting body of environmental queries has been flowering in Meetings all over. The **Orange Grove Record** prints the beautiful queries from Baltimore Yearly Meeting, which are prefaced with this statement: "The scope and immediacy of the current threat to life on earth have led some Friends to call for the formulation of a clear Quaker testimony on our relationship with the natural world, and for the dissemination of such a testimony with ... vigor...." **Claremont's** weekly bulletin quotes a beautiful introspective vision from Miri Azon followed by some "Queries to work with." **Eugene Meeting** has been a leader in environmental consciousness and has published queries which include a very practical checklist for each householder.

Several meetings — **Orange County, Santa Barbara, Claremont** — are responding to the Friend-to-Friend effort to pair churches and meetings for better understanding between the branches of Quakerism. This effort was generated by the Young Friends World Gathering.

Santa Barbara Meeting plans to leaflet the Christmas parade on Dec. 2 with "No More War Toys" in Spanish and English. Their newsletter publishes a letter from Mario Comingo, their student sponsored by the Guatemala Scholarship Fund, who is putting together, with the aid of friends, a project to provide legal aid help and information for the common people, "very much needed in our country."

Westwood Meeting's Friendly Voice is reporting a "Friendly English Walking Tour" taken by Chris and Warwick Daw. Joan and Paul Johnson of the Conejo Worship Group toured Britain and attended London Yearly Meeting in Aberdeen, Scotland. Jeannie Graves of the **San Fernando Valley Meeting** also visited England and the famous original Jordan Meeting. She is carrying a travel minute as she goes to Meetings all over the United States in the course of her business. Philadelphia and the very old Stony Brook Meeting in Maryland are recent stops.

Santa Monica Meeting reports "Friendly Glasnost," a reception given for four Soviets by Gary and Lavinia Spivey. The hosts planned to share not only their middleclass Anglo-American culture but the diversity of American cultures. For instance, Lavinia made Apache frybread and beans for Indian tacos and suggested things like Matzo balls, hot dogs, veggie burgers, or an investigation of grandma's recipes. The visitors all spoke English and came from various areas and walks of life.

Notes: **Santa Monica** is initiating a series of presentations about the history and practice of

Quakerism. **La Jolla Meeting** has a midweek discussion group on Tuesdays from 12:00 to 1:00 p.m. **Claremont Meeting** is asking for volunteer listeners to review the vocal ministry in Worship with those who are hard of hearing.

CALENDAR

December 1989

27 - Jan. 1. Year-End Retreat, Quaker Center, Ben Lomond, Elizabeth Dearborn, Facilitator

28 - Jan. 2. Western Young Friends New Year's Gathering, Camp Myrtlewood, OR

January 1990

13 FCL Administrative Committee

13 PYM Peace Committee Midwinter Meeting

13 College Park Friends Education Association, John Woolman School

20 College Park Quarterly Meeting, Palo Alto Meeting House

26 - 27 AFSC National Meeting, Philadelphia, PA

26 - 28 Big Island Retreat, Kalopa Park, HI

28 FWCC So. CA Regional Meeting, Whittier Friends Church, Val Ferguson, speaker (lunch at 1:30 and speaker at 2:30)

February 1990

3 Willamette Quarterly Meeting, Salem, OR, Salem and Corvallis Meetings, Hosts

16 - 18 So. CA Quarterly Meeting Midwinter Fellowship, Pacific Palisades

16 - 19 Friends Committee on Religion and Psychology No. CA Conference, Ben Lomond Quaker Center.

March 1990

3 PYM Representative Committee, Palo Alto Meeting House

10 College Park Friends Education Association, John Woolman School

16 - 18 Peace Witness (Quakers, Brethren and Mennonites), Nevada Desert Test Site

31 AFSC Annual Meeting, First Unitarian Church, San Francisco

LETTERS

Restoring Right Relationship with the Earth

Dear Editor,

When I first read the FCNL's legislative policy statement, "We seek an earth restored...", I was heartened that we as Friends interested in legislation were now addressing the environmental crises. Recently after re-reading it, having gained some new insights, I would urge a change.

In its text the following statement is made: "The earth we share is limited in its capacity to support life and to provide resources for our survival." Taking into account that man's survival has been sustained over many millenia with a degree of stability, punctuated by major shifts along the way, and that new scientific research supports that Earth is a living organism with a strong self interest in harmony and balance — I begin to see that speaking about Earth's limitations and 'our survival' is irrelevant.

If we believe Earth is a living planet, that one of her requirements is harmony and balance, and that there is an inherent urge toward stability, then it is *imbalance* which cannot be sustained — *not our survival*. The term 'our survival' has to do with the life and death of homo sapiens. We are *still* not getting the message of the need to change toward biocentrism or as Thomas Berry puts it — biocracy — if we are all worried about *our own survival*. The very reason for the imbalance is that we have done such a good job of surviving — at great cost.

To say Earth's resources are limited feeds the continuing tradition of viewing Earth as somehow imperfect, faulty, inadequate, in need of improvement, etc. This is patriarchal thinking.

"She can only be good if man uses/activates her." Perhaps the truth lies closer to the idea that she can only express her living self best when we and she are in balance — in right relationship, as it were.

Therefore I would propose we revise the text by deleting the statement quoted earlier and substituting the following several sentences:

The Earth from which we have been born requires balance and harmony among all the diverse forms of creation. We have participated in a manifestation of great imbalance by our attitude toward Earth, by our

exploitation of her, by multiplying our own numbers and by devaluing the limiting function of death. Earth cannot long sustain such great imbalance. We must, therefore, take responsibility for assisting in the process of restoring balance and equilibrium by restoring natural habitat where it has been damaged and helping to maintain its vitality. We must also reclaim the value of death where appropriate — realizing that modern technology often rushes to save defective infants and to maintain old or maimed adults who have expressed a readiness and even desire for death.

We recognize that it is not only immodest consumption, but also proliferation of our species that creates the imbalance. The urgency of the threat to the environment cannot be overstated.

I welcome comments.

Sincerely,
Marie Ingeman
Marin Meeting

Congratulations!

Dear Editor,

I was visiting a Friend in San Francisco recently who gave me a copy of the October *Friends Bulletin* with Jan Hoffman's talk in it. I was very impressed with the message and with your publication in general. Congratulations on the wonderful job you all do!

I would be interested in ordering extra copies of the October issue to circulate here among Friends in Minneapolis Friends Meeting. In addition, I would like to subscribe to *Friends Bulletin*.

Thanks again to all who work on your publication — the hard work shows!

Best wishes,
Louise Ziegler
Minneapolis Friends Meeting

Apologies for an Oversight

Dear Editor,

I must apologize for a serious error in my Pacific Ackworth Friends School write-up published in your October 1989 issue. It was brought to my attention when I mailed the release to Friends United Meeting in Richmond. (I used to work for Walter Woodward in the "good old days" when it was Five Years'

Meeting, and *The American Friend*. A long time ago!)

The editor there, Stephen Main, called it to my attention vigorously that there is a Friends Christian School in Yorba Linda which has at least two campuses for elementary and middle school children, and seems to be very prosperous. Someone from there sent me a good deal of interesting printed material about the school doings.

It all goes to show you — the spectrum, (or is it spectre?) of Quaker education in Southern California is both narrow and broad! It taught me a lesson — again. Think twice before you say “only” or “never.”

Yours,
Jean Gerard
Orange Grove Meeting

Russ and Verna Curtis Appointed as Friends in the Orient

Dear Friends,

The Friend in the Orient Committee of Pacific and North Pacific Yearly Meetings has become increasingly concerned about the situation in the islands of the Pacific, especially the impact of the US and other great powers on the islanders.

We are fortunate in being able to appoint Friends Russ and Verna Curtis of Visalia Meeting to spend some time in various islands and learn what they can about how Quakers and other concerned people can be supportive. The Curtises have worked nearly 35 years in Micronesia both in governmental positions and for islander-owned groups. Their work was in political and economic development in Truk, with the cooperative movement in Yap, and in teaching. Based on their long associations there, Russ and Verna point out several values shared by Friends and islanders: relationships with each other are warm and gentle and inclusive; island life is simple, ecologically sensible and economically sustainable; people are governed by consensus. The Curtises hope to see ways to support the islanders' aspirations for independence, and their resistance to any nuclear presence.

It has been our practice in appointing people to serve as Friends in the Orient to provide the funds for their travel, depending on those appointed to be able to cover their own living expenses. We must rely on special fundraising efforts, like this letter, to carry out

our projects. At present the Project Fund is nearly depleted, so we are writing to Meetings and individuals, asking for support for this new undertaking. We will need several thousand dollars for their trip, and the follow-up reporting back to us. We also need funds to cover the travel costs of Lewis and Lois Hoskins, who continue to visit Meetings in Pacific and North Pacific Yearly Meetings, reporting on their time in China two years ago as our Friends in the Orient.

Checks should be made out to: Pacific Yearly Meeting, *earmarked: Friend in the Orient Project Fund* and sent to Walter Klein, PYM Treasurer, 4509 Pavlov Ave., San Diego, CA 92122. Thank you for your support.

Peace,
Rose Lewis, Clerk
Friend in the Orient Committee

BOOK REVIEW

by Sally W. Bryan, *University Meeting*

White, Zoe, *A Quaker Theology of Pastoral Care, the Art of the Everyday*. Pendle Hill Pamphlet 281. Pendle Hill Publications, Wallingford, PA 19086. \$2.50.

Zoe White has written a moving pamphlet which she hopes will help us all become “... faithful mediators of God's love in the world.” In an attempt to use the insights of psychology, a specialized problem-solving profession, and yet to act from the realization that all hope for healing is a by-product of sharing a deepening vision of God, she writes with clarity about the theological roots of pastoral care. Believing that all theological reflection begins and ends in experience, she is personal — recounting a depth experience in 1986, when she was participating in a intensive Hospital Chaplaincy program. She shared the death of a fifty-five year old woman who longed to live to see the trees again, and had the sudden realization that her intellectual theology had separated her from a direct relationship with Jesus Christ and our common life, and death. She saw that in order to face a depth experience with an Other, she

(Continued on page 78)

(Book Review: continued from page 77)

had to encounter the depths of her own life and her own, sometimes painful, questions about faith, love, mortality, and suffering.

All pastoral theology, whatever its intellectual rigor, must be informed by body knowledge and intuition since in the words of Beverly Harrison, "Feeling is the basic bodily ingredient that mediates our connectedness to the world. When we cannot feel, literally, we lose our connection to the world. All power, including intellectual power, is rooted in feeling ... Failure to live deeply destroys the possibility of moral relations between us." The pamphlet has a short and valuable bibliography.

Continuing to try to learn the art of the everyday, Zoe White also practices the disciplines of openness, attentiveness, and relinquishment to the Spirit. This means keeping a journal, a process which allows her to listen attentively enough to hear meaning as it emerges, and she tells stories. For it is as we tell our stories in our personal language that the truth of our experience can be conveyed. Listening and telling are a part of a great mystery and supreme act of faith, for as we listen and speak, we move closer to the God who calls us into being, facilitating movement towards integrity of life and of faith.

This is a pamphlet I am glad to have read; it is one I will lend and return to. I recommend it to those who are interested in pastoral care, but also to all who understand and wish to practice "the art of the

ers note, "in 1903 into a Jewish family that had emigrated to Germany from eastern Europe." ... Fleeing Hitler's Germany, the Cassirer family settled in England where Heinz taught philosophy and the classics. Until age forty-nine Cassirer had no acquaintance with the Bible or any interest in things religious. Then he withdrew from academic life to immerse himself in the Greek biblical texts for the next twenty-one years at the end of which he translated the *New Testament*.

"Cassirer's Jewish background and exceptional scholarship combine to make *God's New Covenant* an unusual individual achievement among *New Testament* translations ... His work is fresh and vibrant." Marvin R. Wilson, Gordon College

Change of Name for Religion and Psychology Group

The Redwood Quaker Association for Religion and Psychology is changing its name to *Friends Committee on Religion and Psychology/Northern California*.

The Steering Committee of the newly formed FCRP/NC announces its 1990 conference at Ben Lomond Quaker Center, February 16-19: "*What is My Question? A Retreat for Spiritual Practice*."

FCRP/NC seems to have had its own life cycle. In earlier years the fresh perspectives of outside presenters were invited. Recently the insights and experiences of local Quakers were welcomed. This year, responding to a need for renewal, an individual spiritual retreat is planned. It will offer opportunities to engage in a variety of spiritual practices while participants search together for our most pressing individual psychological/spiritual questions.

Retreat information and registration forms will be sent in early January 1990. For further information please contact Eve Daniels at (707) 677-0382.

Southern California Friends' Spring 1990 Conference on Religion and Psychology, April 6-8

The conference will be held at Rancho del Cielo near Ramona. The theme: "*Men and Women in the Search for Wholeness — Gender, Spirituality, and Healing*." Presenters: Steve Smith and Linda Filippi. In this conference our goals are to explore the

ANNOUNCEMENTS

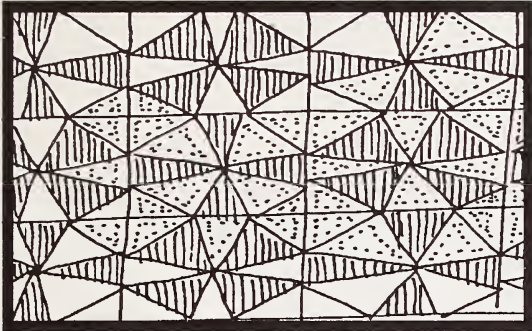
A Major Publishing Event A New English Translation of the *New Testament* by a Classicist and Philosopher

Friend Ronald Weitzman, from the Recording Clerk's Office at Friends House, London, sends word to *Friends Bulletin* that Heinz W. Cassirer's *God's New Covenant: A New Testament Translation* (ISBN 0-8028-3673-9) which Weitzman edited, is now available in hardcover for \$19.95 from Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 255 Jefferson Ave. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503.

The translator whose life and work so closely parallels Quaker experience was born, as the publish-

spiritual issues arising from gender and to offer tools for healing, forgiveness, and peacemaking.

Registration information will be sent to the Meetings; or you may contact committee registrar, Larry Hoppis, 8712 N Magnolia #234, Santee, CA 92071 for more information. Registration information will be available in January 1990.



(Editorial: continued from page 66)

the bombings.

Executions of civilians are taking place and are not being reported. Families of the slain cannot speak out since their lives are also endangered. The National University was bombed. And the Salvadoran Attorney General wrote to the Pope: "If you want to prevent the deaths of all your priests and your bishop, get them out of the country."

Many Episcopal and Lutheran religious workers have been arrested. The Lutheran and Catholic bishops are in hiding. Churches have been bombed. The destruction of poor Salvadoran neighborhoods by bombing, strafing and street fighting has greatly increased the sufferings and deaths of unarmed civilians.

A change of United States policy must occur or the peace process in El Salvador will not go forward, Carmen concluded. "We must stop funding the war in El Salvador. I urge Friends to visit your Congresspersons and Senators during this period of recess, and insist that funds be cut-off."

Can we do something for peace during our holidays which celebrates and extends the birth of the "Prince of Peace"? Such actions may be a gift of life to embattled Salvadoran people.

Shirley Ruth

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John Woolman School is a Quaker boarding school in the foothills of the Sierras which offers college prep academics, a conflict resolution program, art classes and special service projects. Students participate in the work of the campus and are encouraged to develop individuality, responsibility and concerns for peace, justice and the environment. Enrollment is now open for the Winter and Spring Trimester. Contact Dean of Admissions, 12585 Jones Bar Rd., Nevada City, CA 95959. (916) 273-3183.

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Making Angels in Chicago

Midnight. The wind easy at last,
thick snow falling.

New-married we
dress and go outdoors
where each thing is
given its own comforter, the world
bedding down in its beauty. We run
back to the place we grow young in
blue frozen nights
we remember.

Filling our hands with snow, we throw it
high toward the window. You friends asleep,
wake up! Come and see! It will not
look this way tomorrow, or even
one minute from now.

But I have forgotten
whether you joined us, or only
opened your window.

What stays are angels
we made on the neighbors' lawns,
how we lay down in snowfall streets
opening our arms and singing hallelujah.
For a while there was heaven
cold on our necks. The wet stars
rained in our faces, the air
piercing and pure as if Spring
already were here.

When we rose from the ground
we saw the shapes we had been,
the snow
filling our wings with feathers.

— Jeanne Lohmann

San Francisco Meeting

[from *Steadying the Landscape*, reprinted with
permission of the author.]

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Drawing by Michelle Mawourneen